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An Exact RELATION OF THE Late King *James*'s Embarking for *France*: And of the Proclaiming K. William: WITH THE *Preſent Condition of* Dublin, *and other Places near that City.*

In a LETTER from *DUBLIN.*

DUBLIN, Saturday, July 5. 1690.

Honoured Sir,

I Preſume, ere this, you have received the Letter I ſent you from our Camp, near the *Boyne*. Since that, you have known by other hands, that by one Fight we have frighted and ſcattered our Enemy, and were preſently poſſeſſed of the ſtrong Town of *Drogheda*, and are now as quietly ſetled in this City, yet in much better Condition than was expected. They left Stores filled with Proviſion of Mouth and War: They have great Stores likewiſe in the Country; which are all open for our receipt.

Their King is run away, with the Duke of *Powis*, *Tyrconnel*, and ſome few more, towards *Kinſale*; their Army all ſcattered in the Country; ſo that the War ſeems now to be at an end. *Galloway*, *Limerick*, and *Athlone* are, as I hear, the only places like to ſtand out againſt us; and having no hopes of Relief, will, as its thought, be eaſily ſurrendred.

His Majeſty you ſee hath conquered this Kingdom, with a *Poſſibilitie*, it will require more of his trouble to ſettle then to conquer it: I cannot now further enlarge, the Expreſs waiting the motion of my Pen, but to tell you, this day by the Poſt, if poſſible, will ſend you a more particular account.

Dublin, July 5th, 1690.

Honoured Sir,

I Sent you one of this Date by the Expreſs, and have now to add, That we have ſure and certain Advertiſement ſent us by an Expreſs, that the late King *James* on *Wedneſday*-night laſt embarqued at *Duncannon*, a Fort that commands Paſſage-Harbour, *viz.* the Harbour of *Waterford*; and that he, Duke *Powis*, and *Tyrconnel*, and ſome others, are gone direct for *France*. Their Army are ſcattered in the Country, and are forced to arm Tories to get them a ſupport; ſo that it's believed our King's work will be apply'd now rather to ſettle, then make further Conqueſts here. His Majeſty is not yet come to this Town, but is this Night Encampt within two Miles of this City, and as we hear, intends to be here to morrow.

The Proteſtants of *Wexford* hath ſeized that Garriſon, and declare for K. *William* and

and Q. *Mary*: The other Towns where Proteſtants are, will, we expect, follow that Preſident. Of which we have already ſome Reports, particularly as to *Waterford* and *Kilkenny*.

We cannot learn, that there is 5000 of the Enemy in a Body, nor underſtand that there are any of them appears within thirty Miles of this City. What Forces they lately had of the *Germans* that were Proteſtants are come in to us. The *French* are gone with Three Field-Pieces towards *Lymerick*, but its thought they will be met in the way: Our Horſe are now ſcattering to pick up the Scatterers of the Enemies ſcattered Army.

We all believe, that there will not be ſtruck one ſtroke more in this War; and we have many Reaſons to wiſh and expect it; but none more important, then that we hope thereby our King may return to you, as ſafe as he came to us.

His active and invincible Courage gave us horrid frights, finding that he acted in the Field, rather as a Couragious Captain, than a great King. This Succeſs may, we hope, juſtly entitle him to the Character of the greateſt Monarch in the European World.

Our Enemy is run in that haſt, that they have left vaſter Stores than we could have imagined they had, not only of War, but Proviſion behind them.

Not an hour but we have ſome News of loſs to them, and gain to us. I am under thoſe ſtraits of Time, that I can neither be ſo full or methodical in account of Perſons and Things, as I wiſh. I have ſent you encloſed a Copy of a Prophecy, which you may put into *Engliſh*, having onely time to write it; and that I am

Your Affectionate Friend and Servant.

A Propheſie found near One hundred years ſince in Chancellor *Loftus* his Study, and ſince this War ſhewed often to King *James* his Miniſters here.

SI poſt hac aliquando rem militarem exactius dedicirint inordinata & incompoſita Hibernorum numeroſa Phalanges, eoque Viribus, ære & arte militari creverit Gens iſta pauperrima, ut numero, pondere & magnitudine intumeſcat & laboret, hunc equidem molem ſuæ ruet, ſubitoque caſu & flatu Boreali è facie terra ut pecora obigitur, ſibique (ſpe profligata) in Secula omnia abjudicabit Libertatem, Seque Regemque ſuum exteris, Saxonibus, Danis & Battavis mancipia reddit.

IF at any time hereafter the rude and diſorderly numerous *Phalanxes* of the Iriſh ſhall more exactly learn the Art of War, and that poor Nation ſhall by means of braſs Money, and the Art of War, increaſe to that degree of Strength, and to ſwell and labour under their Number, Weight, and Multitude, then ſhall they fall with the weight of their own Bulk, and by a ſuddain Accident, and the force of the North-wind, ſhall be ſcattered like Sheep from the face of the Earth, and hopeleſs of all Relief, ſhall for ever renounce all thought of Liberty, and Surrender up themſelves and their King abſolute Slaves to *Saxons*, *Danes*, and *Hollanders*.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Secret Hiſtory of the Dutcheſs of *Portſmouth*; Giving an Account of the Intreagues of the Court, during her Miniſtry. And of the Death of King *CHARLES* the Second. Printed for *Richard Baldwin* in the *Old-Bailey*.

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